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**Agricultural.**

**NOTES BY THE WAY.**

Visit to the Cheese Factory of A. D. Power of Farmington—The System Pursued and the Results Achieved.

A long promised visit was paid to the cheese factory of Mr. A. D. Power of Farmington, last week, and it proved a very interesting one to us, as the product of this factory has so long stood at the top of the market in this city for its high quality. The factory is situated about four miles from Northville, its nearest railroad station, and surrounded on three sides by a rolling country, well watered, and with a productive soil. On the east toward Detroit the country is more level, and the soil not of such good quality. Mr. Power has an extensive farm of his own, upon which he keeps a dairy herd of about forty head. Besides these cows he receives the milk of about 70 farmers in the neighborhood, and at the present time is turning out about 12 large cheeses per day. In the season, before the flow of milk had been stopped by the frosts, he made over 20 per day. The output for the season this year will be nearly 300,000 lbs., a little larger than it was in 1882. He expected to reach these figures fully, but the pastures are giving out earlier than usual, and the corn crop is so nearly a failure that he does not now expect to reach that amount.

In the factory, which is under the management of an experienced cheese-maker, Mrs. Smith, we first had a look over the curing rooms. The bulk of the October make was on hand, just becoming fit to be sent to market. There were three large rooms, with long tables running through them, and these were covered with the ripening cheese. The rooms are on the upper floor, and supplied with stoves and ventilators, to secure a steady temperature. One or two August and a few September cheeses were yet on hand, and we had a chance to sample them and compare quality with the October make. The evenness in quality, flavor and texture was remarkable, and showed the care that must have been paid to every detail in its manufacture.

There is nothing but full cream cheese made here, and it has always been a point with the proprietor of the factory to put nothing upon the market that would not do credit.

In the morning, beginning as early as five o'clock, the milk begins to arrive at the factory, and it is weighed, credited to the party delivering it, and turned into vats. By eight o'clock the milk is all in, and the temperature of the milk is raised by steam to 82 deg. Fahrenheit before the rennet is applied. Enough rennet is then applied to cause coagulation in from 15 to 30 minutes. It is left until coagulated sufficiently for cutting, nearly an hour, cut, and then put through the cooking process. The fine curd system being the one followed here, great care is taken to keep the curd fine. In this way the cooking is done evenly and thoroughly. While cooking the temperature is raised to 96 deg. Fahrenheit. The cooking process consumes about two hours, and when completed the whey is drawn off through plug holes in the bottom of the vat, which is raised at one end to insure thorough drainage. The proper time to draw off the whey is determined by the cheese-maker, and it is one of the points where only experience can be relied upon. The curd is now left to pack, and after becoming firm is cut into large strips, turned over, and left until it has become sufficiently acid, another very important point, and one on which the flavor and quality of the cheese largely depends. The time when the curd has taken on sufficient acid is determined by the hot iron test. The curd is now ground in the curd mill, and salted, two pounds of salt being

allowed for each thousand pounds of milk. The curd is now ready for the press, and it is at once put in and left until the next morning. The cheese are then taken out and carried to the curing room, where, for about a month, they are turned and wiped until ready for market. A ripe cheese has a peculiar greasy feel when the thumb is rubbed over it that is never seen in a green one. During the entire process of cheese-making it is only eternal vigilance that secures a prime article. If the temperature is too high or too low, if the cooking is imperfect (and there is no test to determine that except the experience of the cheese-maker), or if the curd is allowed to become too acid, the ripened cheese will proclaim it in a way not to be misunderstood.

To begin with, for a fine quality of cheese the milk must be all right, entirely free from the taint of impure or stagnant water, foul barn yards and cowstalls. This is positively necessary, and it requires great care on the part of the person weighing in the milk to detect bad odors in it and reject it. One lot may taint all the milk in a particular vat. It is difficult at first to make farmers understand how quickly milk takes up any odors that may be floating in the atmosphere of an impure stable or barnyard, how certainly stagnant water taints it, or how easily it may be spoiled by turning it into cans and covering it up too tightly before the animal heat has left it. Mr. Power said milk rarely spoils inside of twelve hours, even in very warm weather, if the cows got only pure water, and the milk was stirred until well cooled before being put into the cans. He said the oxygen of the atmosphere appeared to corrode the germs that caused putrefaction to set in, and put a stop to their development.

He spoke of the difficulty of securing an evenness in the make of the factory at the different seasons, as the various processes were all more or less influenced by the weather, and had to be varied accordingly.

While cleanliness on the part of those who furnish the milk has to be insisted upon, in the factory itself the rules are very rigid. Absolute and scrupulous cleanliness must be enforced at all times and in all departments, and it shows itself all over this factory. A flowing well with a wind-mill furnishes an abundance of pure water, a prime necessity to a cheese-maker.

Now, we think we hear a dozen readers ask, "What breed are the cows whose milk goes to this factory?" They are generally grade Shorthorns and natives. Mr. Powers has a herd of forty, all grade Shorthorns. He prefers them to any others he has yet seen, but thinks they could be improved. He believes many of them are spoiled by being overfed while young, developing a tendency to put on fat that cannot be got rid of afterwards, and fat instead of milk is produced. His idea is that the milking qualities of an animal may be greatly improved if they are kept with that object in view from birth, and everything done to develop it. We saw two of the Holstein heifers brought out by Messrs. Phelps & Seeley recently, on the farm of Mr. W. Simons, and his brother has a couple more. It will not be long before animals of this noted breed can have their milking qualities tested in a practical way, and they have many friends who insist that they will come out ahead in the race.

Mr. Power spoke of the growth of the cheese trade in this State, and the large amounts that are consumed now in comparison with only a few years ago. The people of the State, he said, are cheese-tasters, not cheese-eaters, and insist upon the very finest quality. The New York and Ohio factories, which made largely for export, did not have to be so particular in quality of their cheese would only ship well and stand being knocked around. Hence when they were sent into this State they never gave satisfaction. His market was entirely Michigan, and he had difficulty in disposing of his entire make each season, at the highest figures going. The melting, buttery texture, fine flavor and freedom from anything like harshness in taste, made his goods just the thing for our home markets; but for export they would have to be salted higher, and more attention paid to their keeping qualities and less to flavor and quality. The system pursued at this factory is that introduced by Prof. Arnold, whom Mr. Power regards as the most experienced and original of scientific cheese-makers. His process gave better results and could be depended upon to a greater extent than any other yet introduced, and he felt that the whole dairy interest was under great obligation to the Professor for the arduous and gratuitous labors which had occupied so much of his life and been of such benefit to dairy

allowances to select a cheese below the high standard that this factory has always maintained.

We found Mr. Power to be an enthusiast in cheese-making and its possibilities, and he believes that dairying is one of the most potent factors that can be introduced by farmers to restore the fertility of their soils, where it has been injured by too constant grain growing. One thing is certain, it has been a good thing for this neighborhood, and its farmers would not like to go back again to wheat growing as their main business.

**THE ORIGIN OF THE SHROPSHIRE.**

FORESTVILLE, Mich., Oct. 18, 1883.

To the Editor of Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR—Will you be kind enough through the columns of your welcome old paper (I say old, for I have taken it for 30 years—first when it was a monthly journal only), to inform me of the true origin of the sheep now known and classed as Shropshire Downs, and what has produced this distinct race of breed? Or ask through your paper some of the farmers or breeders to do so, and oblige

Yours truly,

RICHARD NYE.

Many Shropshire breeders will not admit that any crossing with other varieties has ever been done; and say that the improvement noted since about 1850 is the result of careful selection and judicious breeding of the "Gray Faces," as they were once called. Their home is Shropshire, and from this they derive their name. Among the farmers of the midland counties of England they are held in high esteem, and in Shropshire, Stafford, and Salop they are largely in the ascendance, and certainly stagnant water taints it, or how easily it may be spoiled by turning it into cans and covering it up too tightly before the animal heat has left it. Mr. Power said milk rarely spoils inside of twelve hours, even in very warm weather, if the cows got only pure water, and the milk was stirred until well cooled before being put into the cans. He said the oxygen of the atmosphere appeared to give a sense of satisfaction to those breeds.

While Shropshire breeders will not admit that any crossing with other varieties has ever been done in improving their favorables, the Cotswold breeders assert that the breed owes a great deal to a judicious use of Cotswold blood, and the Southdown breeders are equally positive that the mutton-producing qualities of the breed are largely owing to an admixture of black-faced backs. It is the old story over again that is common in the history of all our domestic animals, from Shorthorn cattle to Poland-China hogs. Speaking generally, we are free to say that there is not an improved domestic animal to-day which does not owe its good qualities to judicious crossing of two or more varieties of the breed. It may be pretty far back, but it will be found that from that time dates the improvement that makes them valuable. It is, therefore, of little consequence, except as a matter of interest to the curious, just how a breed originated, so long as its good qualities are of a nature to make it popular and desirable. In fact, the breeders who have laid the foundation for the improvement of some particular breed have generally guarded their methods carefully, and much of what is accepted at the early history of a breed is more or less guess work. In this respect we opine the Shropshire stands about as many other breeds do. But of their merits as thrifty animals there can be no dispute. They have shown themselves to be hardy, prolific, and easy keepers; their mutton is regarded as of excellent quality among those who are esteemed good judges, and they will always repay any care and expense that is necessary for their proper keeping. The breed first came into notice in England in 1850, but it was not till some time afterward that they secured a place among recognized breeds. Since then they have spread wonderfully, and are regarded with great favor by those who insist that they will come out ahead in the race.

The idea very generally prevails that he who can wag his tongue the most volubly deserves best of his countrymen, and so the gift of oratory is cultivated and passes current for intellect and the ability to grapple with the great questions of jurisprudence and finance, and the great good to the greatest number. We have notable examples of this assumed wisdom to whom politics is the chief end and aim of life, while measures affecting the good of the people are neglected.

There are plenty of opportunities for young farmers to cultivate their argumentative talents in the Farmers' Institutes, the Farmers' Clubs and the enterprising granges of the State; but yet the complaint comes from them all that young men do not respond to these opportunities for improvement. It is true that men must have something to say in these gatherings, and there is no substitute for ideas, and puffed up by running against too many sharp points. The work these organizations are doing is invaluable in bringing out the sterling stuff of which men are made; no cheap fustian ideas nor glittering Peter Funk intellects and easy keepers; their mutton is regarded as of excellent quality among those who are esteemed good judges, and they will always repay any care and expense that is necessary for their proper keeping. The breed first came into notice in England in 1850, but it was not till some time afterward that they secured a place among recognized breeds. Since then they have spread wonderfully, and are regarded with great favor by those who insist that they will come out ahead in the race.

The rapid growth of the cheese trade in this State, and the large amounts that are consumed now in comparison with only a few years ago. The people of the State, he said, are cheese-tasters, not cheese-eaters, and insist upon the very finest quality. The New York and Ohio factories, which made largely for export, did not have to be so

**YOUNG FARMERS.**

There is no lack of good advice to boys and young men who have grown up on a farm. It is an easy argument to prove how much better it is to "stay there," but the chances are that the young man has looked beyond something besides a competence for old age; he has looked at the social and political standing of the average farmer. He has been told in school while standing in a row of boys, that Governors and Senators and some Presidents were made out of just such boys; he of course felt that much of this adulterated praise was pure taffy, but some of it will stick, and he has looked around to sum up his chance for these worthy stations. History points to examples of exaltation from among those who worked their farms, and who received the news of their appointment or election while engaged in labor in the fields, but those times are too far away to suit the purpose of an aspiring young man on the lookout for opportunities to rise in the world. The suggestion of a chance for a recurrence of such an event in their days, would raise a smile on a flat turnip. A young man with no aspirations will settle into nothingness in any calling, and such solid souls are very apt to drift along in the occupation in which they are bred, but bright boys who have been accustomed to stand at the head in school very naturally chafe at the prospect of being at the foot of their class the rest of their lives, and they argue from what they know and what they see that farmers stand very little chance of being selected to occupy any of the coveted positions which they feel they could worthily fill. A boy who begins by sweeping in a lawyer's office stands a better chance of representing his fellow lawyers primarily, and the public generally, than the graduate of an agricultural college, who follows the teachings of his Alma Mater, does of really representing five-sevenths of the people of the State; and so we have the anomalous spectacle of all the bright boys of the farm drifting into the overcrowded avenues which lead to possible preferment.

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There are indeed communities of farmers, and farmers in all communities who would deny to all the young men in their midst the opportunities for improvement, which are found in positions of trust, and the cheap honors of office. They abrogate to themselves all the glory attendant upon such positions, and bid the young aspirant with fresh blood and new ideas, to wait until gray hairs denote their wisdom and fitness. A young farmer with new ideas of farming, beginning his career in such a neighborhood, is either banned or deserts to the level of his surroundings. If he attempts the progressive practice of his profession, he gets laughed at as a visionary, his misfortunes will be magnified, although his mistakes may be worth as much to the community in settling some controversial point, as some brilliant success. Yet he receives nothing but contempt for his innovation. If his conversation simulates something of the progressive spirit of the age, and is silent when horse philosophy is being discussed, he is rated as a "hifalutin' cuss," whom it is an honor to snub.

Old farmers cannot afford to be censorious with beginners, new ways are bound to come. The soil has ceased to respond as when its virgin sods were turned. The climate is affecting the growth of plants. Centers of population as well as crop production have changed, new styles and what may seem to them too stylish manners will predominate. Mud-holes are none the less unseemly, because inherited, and they must be filled up. Encroachments upon industry are assuming large proportions, forbidding evil to farmers and fresh young blood beating in unison with the pulse of the age must combat it;

"lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope" will not avail. Give the young farmers a chance to help in both council and war. There are world-beating philanthropists who see the

hegira of farmers boys toward the towns, and would stay it with the gift of a calf or a colt, or the proceeds of an acre of land. Don't get half way up the outlook; it is an insult to our boys to intimate that they worship any such image or are beguiled into a distasteful, because secondary position, by growing their own pop corn. They want a chance to grow and to become of some service to their country and to mankind.

Educate a boy to become what he desires, and then say "you can attain to distinction only through the profession of law," and no wonder that new parchments are pushed every day under the nose of every leading lawyer of the State, applying for a position in the office, while the old home farm is run by a heedless buffoon, who tantalizes the old farmer with his presence at twenty dollars per month.

There are numberless farms in the State where unskilled and unproductive laborers eat a bare sustenance for parents whose sons are clamoring after honors denied to them on the farm. One in a thousand reaches the goal of his ambition, while the remainder settle into various niches in the public corridor, and become either purely ornamental or negatively useful, as the case may be. New niches are continually being cut for the accumulating throng, which only adds to the fever of expectancy for those at the bottom of the lot. Men the old, almost deserted homesteads with the impulse engendered by this forlorn hope, and they would blossom into gardens of fertility. The crop of true manhood would be greatly increased, and the harvest of public virtues would flow from country homes, and be nurtured around farmers' homesides.

A. C. G.

**AMERICAN MERINOS.**

What an Australian Has to Say About Them.

In the Sydney (Australia) *Mail* of July 21st, Mr. Wm. Hays of that colony, who spent a portion of last winter and spring in this country looking over and making selections of rams for the improvement of his large flock of Merino sheep, gives his views and opinions in regard to the American Merino. What he says will be of interest to the flock owners in this State, although referring especially to those of Vermont and New York. The restriction on the importation of American sheep into that country, to which Mr. Hayes refers, has since been removed. The letter was written to the Minister for Mines:

"In a letter which I did myself the honor to address to you, dated about the 1st of February last, I drew your attention to the absurd and vexatious restriction to the introduction of stud sheep from the United States of America, owing to the existence of the prohibition under the 'Imported Stock Act'; that this prohibition was put in force on account of the prevalence of foot and mouth disease in England, and was not originally intended to apply to America, where that disease has rarely appeared, and that only it could be traced to importations from Great Britain.

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**Horse Matters.****SLOPING FLOORS IN STABLES.**

The French are experimenting with horizontal floors in stables to see if they will not answer well in all respects as sloping ones, while at the same time obviating some objections urged against the latter. Our Paris correspondent describes some experiments made in this direction, and their results: "Objections have been often urged against stalls in stables being made inclined, in order to facilitate the draining away of the urine. The position being unnatural, interfered with the comfortable repose of the animals; perhaps told on their form and habits. Colonel Basserie of the cavalry, has had stalls constructed perfectly horizontal; in the middle and at each side, are very shallow drains, whose perforated and corrugated iron, movable coverings, receive all the urine and carry it into the main drain running behind the animals. Artillery horses and baggage mules were experimented upon in the new and old stalls, leaving the advantage palpably in favor of the former, whose occupants appeared always more refreshed and in superior condition."

**What Made the Difference.**

As illustrating how much more easily stock is kept in good condition by proper housing through cold weather, we give the following from the *Kansas Farmer*, relative to some experience at a large horse breeding establishment:

"The first winter was that of 1881-2, through which the weanlings had all the hay and oats they would eat, and good, warm stables at night. They ran out from morning till night, no matter how cold, unless it was storming. No particular care was taken in either cleaning or bedding the stables. Every one of these colts ate his full peck of oats a day, with all the good timothy hay that he could dispose of, and yet they did not grow nor thrive. They seemed to be at a standstill all through the winter, and it was a continued fight to keep them from going backwards.

"The second winter, 1882-3, as soon as the green herbage was all gone, the weanlings were assigned, two and two, to good, spacious box-stalls, well ventilated but warm. These boxes were well supplied with abundance of good, clean straw for bedding; and every morning they were carefully cleaned, and the bedding changed and replenished. While this was being done the colts were turned into a well protected yard for their morning play, lasting about an hour, and returned to their boxes. The daily grain ration, in addition to all the hay they would eat, was two quarts of oats in the morning and two quarts of the following mixture in the evening; one part rye and one part corn, ground together with two parts of wheat bran—and strikes us as very light, and we will try to express its value more clearly. For the whole day it consists of two quarts of oats, one and one-third pint of rye and corn together, and two and two-thirds pints of bran. As against this we have 'the full peck' of oats for the first winter—more than double in amount and value. As the result of this method of treatment and this light ration, we have the following weight for six colts each month:

|            |            |            |            |            |            |
|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| Dec. 1     | Jan. 1     | Feb. 1     | Mar. 1     | Apr. 1     | May 1.     |
| 1bs. 10oz. |
| No. 1 508  | 570        | 592        | 620        | 650        | 642        |
| No. 2 498  | 567        | 589        | 617        | 645        | 637        |
| No. 3 446  | 472        | 496        | 520        | 542        | 548        |
| No. 4 422  | 470        | 500        | 522        | 556        | 570        |
| No. 5 416  | 450        | 488        | 526        | 562        | 554        |
| No. 6 398  | 434        | 446        | 480        | 490        | 490        |

"It will be observed that there was not much growth through the month of April, and in some cases an absolute falling off. On the first of April the ration was made wholly of oats, and continued through the month. On the first of May the ground ration was restored, and the colts received their regular improvement. They were not weighed again till August 1st, when the figures stood, in the above order, as follows: 754, 788, 680, 684, 664, 596. From about June 1st these colts were driven a little three or four days each week, and were fed on bran and oats mixed, about half and half. The yearlings that were turned out to grass did not grow so well as those kept in the stable and handled."

**Horse Notes.**

A CLEVER ARGUMENT.—The Breeders' Gazette recently published an article headed "Why do they Face?" In it the writer says: "Concerning the breeding of Richthofen nothing definite is known, except that he was by King Pharaoh, a son of American Star. As American Star was three-fourths thoroughbred, it is certain that the little brown gelding does not derive any of his wonderful speed as a pacer from him." Of course not; the thoroughbred has no speed to transmit. There must be a car horse in his pedigree somewhere to account for his speed.

The experiments of Wolff and others, at Germantown experimental stations, show that a horse weighing 1,100 to 1,200 pounds, would eat from 23 to 27½ pounds of hay, if no other food was given. With grain 20 to 25 pounds was usually eaten by working horses of that weight. Lighter horses would not need quite so much, but we can find no data of experiments with horses weighing less than 1,000 pounds.

A MULE owned in Buffalo, N. Y., has been in constant use on the Welland canal ever since 1858. It is estimated that it has towed an average of 5,000 miles every year.

J. I. CASA, the owner of the phenomenal young trotter Jay-Eye-See, has concluded to retire the king of the turf on his record of 2:10%. His reason for taking him off the track for the season is that he has done enough hard work, and it is a very good idea when the age of the horse is taken into consideration.

**Farm Matters.****SUGGESTION IN REGARD TO ENSILAGE.**

From our Paris Correspondent.

The ensilage of green fodder being now an accepted fact and utility, the question is being discussed, is it possible by the addition of other matters to augment the nutritive value of the maize so as to raise it to an equality with good hay. The latter for example, represents one part of azotized to five of non-azotized matter, while for maize the proportion is one to eight. In a word, ought we to convert the silos into a kind of laboratory, for the preparation of rations fermenting in common, and rich, according as they may be specially destined for milch cows, oxen and horses employed in labor, or cattle tied up for the butcher?

Maize, that type of ensilage forage, contains 80 per cent of water; it is suggested that the addition of such dry substances as wheaten or other chaff, rape-pods, etc., would in absorbing part of the high percentage of humidity, become enriched with azote. Others advocate the addition of oil cakes, aftermath clovers, so difficult to save in autumn. Experience so far shows that it is better to mix the cake and chaff with the preserved maize, take out for feeding, some twelve hours before serving to the stock; the slight fermentation of the mixture will be more relished. Aftermath is suitable for mixing in the trench with maize; but it must not touch the walls of the silo or trench, but be kept in the centre, well shaken out, so as not to lie in whisks or lumps, but layers. Beet pulp and distillery grains have been mixed in the silo with maize advantageously. Except in the case of maize a little damaged or very wet salt is unnecessary; but if added 14 lbs. to the ton of green stuff will be sufficient.

TO THE CHAMPAIGN SUGAR WORKS.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says the sorghum works at Champaign, Ill., are under full headway, grinding from 120 to 140 tons daily. It is expected the works will turn out 100,000 pounds of sugar, equal to the best Havana muscovado, and superior in grain and color to that made a year ago. The correspondent alluded to above says:

"The surprise at the Champaign works this year is the complete burning of the bagasse, utilizing it as the larger part of the fuel. The bagasse from 120 to 140 tons of cane is carried directly to the furnace, and is there consumed as fast as made, with a saving of from 60 to 75 per cent of coal. This may be regarded as the most important step after the successful granulation of the juice. The seed, fed in connection with the skimmings of the boiling tanks, is greedily eaten by swine, and with surprisingly favorable results. One lot of twenty hogs, which had been kept on grass during the summer, were turned into narrow but sufficient quarters, near a sorghum mill, and fed nothing but seed and skimmings. They gained five pounds each day for three weeks, weighing 165 when penned, and 265 at the time I saw them. There are authentic instances where thin hogs, taken from grass and put on puddling and milk, or on new corn and sweet apples, have gained six pounds a day for three or four weeks, but they are rare, five pounds gain a day being remarkable enough to require reasonable explanation. Sorghum seed furnishes, to a limited extent, the same, or nearly the same, food elements as corn, together with more cellulose or 'roughness,' which seems absolutely essential to large and complete digestion. The skimmings are rich in sucrose and glucose, and contain all the nitrogenous elements of the sorghum juice, in the form of coagulated albumen, together with the associated phosphates, and thus seed and skimmings together make as nearly a perfect ration as corn meal and sour milk or buttermilk. As against this we have 'the full peck' of oats for the first winter—more than double in amount and value. As the result of this method of treatment and this light ration, we have the following weight for six colts each month:

|            |            |            |            |            |            |
|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| Dec. 1     | Jan. 1     | Feb. 1     | Mar. 1     | Apr. 1     | May 1.     |
| 1bs. 10oz. |
| No. 1 508  | 570        | 592        | 620        | 650        | 642        |
| No. 2 498  | 567        | 589        | 617        | 645        | 637        |
| No. 3 446  | 472        | 496        | 520        | 542        | 548        |
| No. 4 422  | 470        | 500        | 522        | 556        | 570        |
| No. 5 416  | 450        | 488        | 526        | 562        | 554        |
| No. 6 398  | 434        | 446        | 480        | 490        | 490        |

"It will be observed that there was not much growth through the month of April, and in some cases an absolute falling off. On the first of April the ration was made wholly of oats, and continued through the month. On the first of May the ground ration was restored, and the colts received their regular improvement. They were not weighed again till August 1st, when the figures stood, in the above order, as follows: 754, 788, 680, 684, 664, 596. From about June 1st these colts were driven a little three or four days each week, and were fed on bran and oats mixed, about half and half. The yearlings that were turned out to grass did not grow so well as those kept in the stable and handled."

A New Hop Region.

Very recently a tract containing 2,100 acres was purchased between the Santiam and Willamette Rivers, in Linn County, Oregon, for the purpose of converting it into a hop farm. Already the work of setting out roots has commenced. Two large farms near Salem, in Marion County, have lately been purchased at \$40 per acre by practical hop-raisers. These farms will be converted into hop fields, much of them this season. While experience shows that hop-growing will probably never become very general in Oregon—like wheat or wool—yet there is every reason to predict that it will be no insignificant industry in the future as regards acreage, number of persons employed, and the substantial benefits reaped.

By all odds the greatest hop-producing regions yet developed on the North Pacific coast are found in the Puyallup Valley, in Washington Territory, and the rich bottom lands adjacent to White River, in King County. Puyallup Valley is about 30 miles long by three to five in width. Scattered all over this rich valley are something less than 60 hop-growers. Experienced hop-growers assert that Puyallup Valley beats the whole world in point of quality and quantity of the yield per acre. With only an average of 10 acres each, these 60 cultivators raised last year 1,500,000 pounds of cured hops, on which it is no exaggeration to assert that a net profit of about \$400,000. Since hop growing was commenced in this valley, some 15 years ago, it is ascertained that the price realized has averaged about 20 cents per pound, while the total expenditure has not exceeded 9 cents per pound. Practically, this great hop garden is yet in its infancy. Possessing a large area of fertile soil, adapted peculiarly to the cultivation of these vines, the development of the valley promises in coming years an enormous yield. Regarding the production of hops the region is one of unknown possibilities.—San Francisco Bulletin.

magnificent scenery of the western regions and descended upon the fertile potato patches of thirty-six—or perhaps thirty-seven—States, carrying desolation in his path and everywhere proclaiming starvation to the human race. The wail of the impoverished farmer was music to his ear, and he would laugh and make puns to the effect that he was the great deviator. He had stripes upon his back, in mockery of the flag, and his children were of an Indian red such as painters put on the window-sash. Scoffing at Malthus, he multiplied and multiplied, but he did not replenish the earth. For years he ruled and terrorized. But there came a turning-point. Other bugs began to be born or to appear, who, envying him his greatness, formed combinations against him. It was agreed that the little ladybug should feed on his eggs, and that a dusky dust-colored bug, pup up like a six-cornered kite on legs and calling itself the soldier-bug, should jab its lance into him on every occasion, while some kind of a fly volunteered to buzz around and fill him with something that he would take into the ground with him, and that would produce death. Still other insects swore they would do what they could, and the farmers bought Paris green, with which the potato vines were sprinkled. The result was that the great unassisted emigrant from Colorado, the victor of seventeen hundred thousand fields, began to so diminish in numbers that potatoes once more came to be known as an article of human diet, and in the year 1883 he had fallen off so vastly as to cease to be feared even by children. Poor, ambitious fool! He thought to make himself an imperishable name, but he only succeeded in spreading the name of the insignificant State of Colorado, which territory he had scored and abandoned. Verily, pride goeth before a fall.—Louisville Courier Journal.

In a recent discussion of the Elmira Farmers' Club, the question came up as to what is the annual loss in wear and tear on farm and dairy implements, and the members unanimously agreed that twenty per cent was too high to cover losses, occasioned by a year's use of farm tools. In some cases the sum would be too high, in others too low, on the average will be about right.

Ir is said that the famous trotter Jay-Eye-See has a peculiar habit of eating hay and oats. He will take a mouthful of oats, stick his nose in the water, and so on continually until his grain is eaten. He then proceeds with hay in the same way until he has consumed a liberal supply. In this way he avoids the ill effects of dusty hay or oats. He is a good feeder at all times, eating twelve quarts of oats and the usual allowance of hay.

HOOD'S SAPSAPARILLA sharpens the appetite and improves the digestion every time. Take no other

seed corn planted in that vicinity came from Kansas and Nebraska, and that hardly any of it ripened. He had never seen so complete a failure of the corn crop.

An Ohio farmer complains that by sending to three different seedsmen for the Leaming corn he obtained three distinct varieties of that cereal. He wants a reform in the matter of sending out seeds not true to name.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER records a series of experiments with corn, which prove conclusively that even excessively smutty corn can be rendered fit for seed by soaking it in a solution of sulphate of copper previous to planting.

J. M. STAHL, in the Indiana Farmer, claims that stock and grain farming cannot be carried on independently each of the other, without causing decrease in the fertility of the soil, so that the two branches fit well together, and that the combination will maintain the fertility.

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**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.****THE MORAL OF IT.**

We may moralize as much as we please about pain; but the fact is, that we don't like it while it lasts, and that we want to get rid of it as soon as we can. Whether caused by rheumatism, gout, disordered liver, weak nerves, irregular kidneys, bad blood, or anything else that is just the reverse of what it should be, the sooner it is out of the system the happier we are. Whether pain is the result of imprudence or of accident, or is sent as a punishment for our sins, may be a nice question for the philosophers to argue; but people who are suffering want first to be rid of the pain, after which those who are fond of argument may argue the matter to their hearts' content.

Above all theory, argument, and philosophy, comes the delightful fact that BROWN'S IRON BITTERS drives pain away. Sufferers run no risk in trying this medicine, the only compound containing iron which carries no mischief with it. Those who have used it will tell you so; and you can try for yourself by buying a bottle of the nearest druggist.

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THE CELEBRATED  
A. P. DICKEY FANNING MILLS!

They equal. Their obtained the  
highest premium at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and at Paris in 1867, and at the  
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**Horticultural,**

THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

No. III.

Before leaving Rochester we visited the small fruit farm of C. M. Hooker, a short distance east of the city. Finding him absent we were only able to glance at a few things. In an orchard, largely of Baldwin apples, we noticed the usual paucity of fruit. We also observed that the small crop was almost wholly on the southern side of the trees—a fact that we imagine may be due to the protection afforded by branches during the season of bloom and the setting of fruit, against the cold northerly and northwesterly winds from Lake Ontario, only a few miles away.

We observed that the Turner raspberry appeared to be the favorite here, judging from the fact that it is quite largely planted.

We found men engaged in clearing away a considerable plat of currants, for the reason, as we were informed, that other fruits were more profitable.

Returning to the city, we ran by rail a few miles up the Genesee Valley to Avon—a town on what was the great stage line between Albany and Buffalo, before the days of the Erie Canal; and over which was done a large share of the freighting for the western portion of the State in those early days.

The portion of the ground devoted to fruits is separated from the ornamental plantation by a small, ornamental pond, extending across the grounds and crossed by a rustic bridge. It is a rule of the place that nothing grown here shall be sold; and the grounds are wholly devoted to the testing of varieties, including trees, plants, shrubs and vegetables. Among these are numerous experiments by both Mr. and Mrs. Carman in the crossing or hybridization of cereals and other plants, full and careful record being kept in each case. Potatoes and tomatoes, as well as many other vegetables, are here submitted to searching tests, as to their relative productiveness and values. A very considerable number of the new grapes, many of them not yet disseminated, are on trial; several of them, as Niagara, Victoria, and some unnamed seedlings, already in bearing. The Victoria especially attracted our attention. This is a greenish white grape, originated by the late T. B. Miner; and plants of this and one or two other seedlings of his, were sent to Mr. Carman just prior to the decease of Mr. Miner. These are believed to be the only plants sent out by him, although others have been disposed of; but the reports from these are unfavorable, so much so that Mr. Carman strongly suspects that a mixture may have occurred, and that this may be the only genuine plant sent out under this name. The fruit was not fully ripe at this time, although more nearly mature than the Concord, growing near. The berry is of good size, nearly as large as Concord, perhaps fully as large; the bunch nearly or quite equal in size to Pocklington, as we usually see it at exhibitions. If we may judge from the flavor when yet unripe, we would expect it to prove excellent when mature. It appears to be a pure native seedling, and its health, vigor and productiveness, as we saw it, were very satisfactory.

The much talked about Marlboro raspberry is growing here, and although not now in fruit, it gives ample evidence of health and vigor; in which latter particular it considerably exceeds the Cuthbert, growing under similar conditions.

We saw here also plants of Mr. Hatchaway's new seedling strawberries, not yet named or offered for sale; which, standing beside several other sorts of known value, were green and fresh, while the others were badly browned.

After a very interesting day, we took the early train next morning, reaching Jersey City in time to take the Pennsylvania Railroad, and reach Philadelphia at ten o'clock, A. M.—the hour for the assembling of the American Pomological Society in that city. T. T. LYON.

## THE PHYLOXERA IN FRANCE.

Our Paris correspondent in a recent letter, has this to say in regard to the ravages of this pest in the French vineyards: "In the region of Montpelier, there are, owing to the phylloxera, deserto where formerly vineyards smiled. In this waste there are oases. M. Bazille has replanted his destroyed vines, by American stocks, on which French cuttings have been grafted; he now makes as much as 1,760 gallons of wine per acre, where formerly he had none. M. Espitalier's profits have risen from 5,000 francs a year to 18,000 francs, and M. Faucon, whose name is identified with submersion of vineyards and good spring manurings as preventives against the terrible bug, has 2,200 gallons of wine to the acre, some of the vines bearing 22 lbs. of fruit."

## Nativity of Our Cultivated Fruits.

The item going the round of the papers on the nativity of one hundred varieties of our apples may give an erroneous impression to those who have not given special thought to such subjects.

A few examples will show that adaptation to special climates and soils depends more on races than on the particular spot where the seed germinated: The Wealthy apple came from a seed grown in Bangor, Maine, but germinated in Minnesota. In leaf, bud, habit of growth, and fruit, it tells the story of its parentage from the Oldenberg race as plainly as the Durham calf born in Iowa but sired in England. So the Wolf River grew from a seed planted in Wisconsin. Like the Wealthy it is plainly of the Astrachanica race, and all its characteristics would have been the same had the particular seed from which it sprang been planted in Virginia or Texas.

The Kieffer Pear grew from a seed in Pennsylvania, but its particular leaf, bud, and fruit would have been the same in any State or country. We might plant a thousand bushels of the seeds of the common pears of South Europe and not see

a new departure in railroad building, since it is alleged to be built without bonded indebtedness, and, as we infer upon subscriptions to the stock of the company. Its ultimate terminus is understood to be Buffalo. How it is to escape being "gobbled" as soon as it becomes to be worth gobbling, is more than we can divine.

The Hovey seedling strawberry was grown from seed in Massachusetts. It represented the union by crossing of two hardy races, with our native wild form as the mother plant. In any State or country this particular seed would have been a particular result.

The Wilson strawberry tells the same story. It saw the light first in New York, but Mr. Sloan could never have produced such a plant and such a berry had not Mr. Hovey first produced the Hovey seedling.

The seed that produced the Early Rose potato in the same way represented the possibilities of race development. It is too evident for discussion that the Early Rose would not have been originated in Massachusetts had not Chauncey Goodrich paved the way in New York by the origination of the *Garnet Chili* by direct infusion of the hardiness of the wild potato.

In plant breeding it is surely more useful to talk of races than of the State or country where the seedling germinated. As to the apple, pear and cherry we must keep in mind the fact that we have no valuable native forms. In Europe and Asia we find many races of each, varying in leaf habit, fruit, and adaptation to extreme climates. We have had lessons enough to convince us that systematic reproduction of races will give better results than random planting of seeds.

J. L. BUDD, of the Iowa Agricultural College, in the *Iowa Register*, says: "Plums should be planted on ground which is rich and naturally moist, but well drained. For a plum orchard I would not select very high ground; because usually it would be too dry; nor very low ground, because in such places the blossoms of trees are more liable to injury from late spring frosts, than on grounds which are more elevated."

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## MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—  
State Journal of Agriculture.A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial  
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## The Michigan Farmer

—AND—  
State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1883.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market last week were 114,400 bu., against 287,381 bu. for the corresponding week in 1882, and the shipments were 166,971 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 351,918 bu., against 375,955 last week, and 250,142 the corresponding week in 1882. The visible supply of this grain on Oct. 27 was 30,616,883 bu., against 39,318,426 the previous week, and 16,071,203 bu. at corresponding date in 1882. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 307,936 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 901,088 bu., against 752,135 the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 8,097,142 bu., against 20,285,310 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882.

The market has ruled quiet the past week, with but little fluctuation in values. It is pushed up a few points or down just as the necessities of the manipulators demand, and upon these fluctuations they manage to make a good living. A few thousand bushels of cash wheat changes hands each day, and considerably larger amount in the shape of options. But the market is flat because outsiders are leaving it alone nearly entirely, and it is difficult to get up any enthusiasm over a market where Jim is "scraped" to the extent of half a cent on his purchases to-day, and gets it back out of Tom on a turn of the market tomorrow. The fat "woodchucks" upon which dealers feasted so royally two and three years ago, are no longer to be had, and the "Board" has lost its interest in consequence. There was no reason in the world why No. 1 white wheat should be worth \$1.03c on Wednesday last, and \$1.04c on Saturday, except that there must be fluctuations sufficient to afford dealers a margin upon which to live. Hence the fluctuations noted from day to day are of no general interest to the public, as they do not reflect any real change in the position of the markets. The decline that took place on Wednesday had been nearly regained at the close on Saturday, when the demand for cash wheat showed a slight improvement.

Yesterday the market was very quiet, especially for cash wheat, all grades, however, showed better rates than at the close on Saturday. Futures were also stronger, and closing terms were higher than at the close of the week.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from October 15th to November 5th:

|          | No. 1<br>white. | No. 2<br>white. | No. 3<br>white. | No. 2<br>white. | No. 3<br>white. |
|----------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Oct. 15. | 1.03%           | 96%             | 96%             | 1.03            | 91              |
| 16.      | 1.03%           | 95%             | 95%             | 1.03            | 94%             |
| 17.      | 1.03%           | 95%             | 95%             | 1.03            | 94%             |
| 18.      | 1.03%           | 95%             | 95%             | 1.03            | 94%             |
| 19.      | 1.03%           | 95%             | 95%             | 1.03            | 94%             |
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| 21.      | 1.03%           | 95%             | 95%             | 1.03            | 94%             |
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| 29.      | 1.03%           | 94%             | 94%             | 1.03            | 93%             |
| 30.      | 1.03%           | 94%             | 94%             | 1.03            | 93%             |
| Nov. 1.  | 1.03%           | 95%             | 95%             | 1.04            | 94%             |
| 2.       | 1.04            | 95%             | 95%             | 1.04            | 94%             |
| 3.       | 1.04            | 95%             | 95%             | 1.04            | 94%             |
| 4.       | 1.04            | 95%             | 95%             | 1.04            | 94%             |
| 5.       | 1.04            | 95%             | 95%             | 1.04            | 94%             |

Futures are nearly neglected, the sales being very light as compared with those of a year ago at this date. They follow the fluctuations on cash wheat very closely, showing how little speculative dealing there is at present. The following table gives the closing prices of the various deals each day during the past week:

|                | Nov. 1 | Dec. 1 | Jan. 1 |
|----------------|--------|--------|--------|
| Tuesday.....   | 1.04%  | 1.05%  | 1.06%  |
| Wednesday..... | 1.04%  | 1.05%  | 1.06%  |
| Thursday.....  | 1.04%  | 1.04%  | 1.06%  |
| Friday.....    | 1.04   | 1.04%  | 1.06%  |
| Saturday.....  | 1.04%  | 1.05   | 1.06%  |
| Monday.....    | 1.04   | 1.05%  | 1.07%  |

The decreased receipts at all points are the natural result of the continued low range of prices. Farmers in this State look upon less than \$1 per bushel for their wheat as an abnormal condition of the trade, and will largely hold for that figure. They are quite able to do as a rule without at all incommending themselves. A few weeks of light receipts would completely change the outlook.

The British journals are having a sharp discussion over the yield of the crop of 1883 in England and Scotland, and it is wonderful, considering the extent of the country, and its elaborate system of returns, that well informed men should differ so widely in their views in regard to it. Mr. J. B. Lawes, the well known experimentalist and writer on agricultural subjects, is of the opinion from the results of his tests on several plots of land that so far as his tests are concerned, the wheat crop of 1883 in the United Kingdom is the largest that has been grown since 1874. He puts the area under wheat in the United Kingdom at 2,707,949 acres, and the produce on the basis of his wheat field at 10 million quarters. He deduces 24 bushels per acre for seed, making available for food rather over \$4 million quarters. Or if the average yield should be 28

bushels per acre, deducting 850,000 quarters for seed, making available for food \$4 million quarters, slightly one-third of the proable requirements of the country. To this estimate the *North British Agriculturalist* replies:

"Sir John Bennet Lawes overestimates the British wheat crop. The Rothamsted plots show a good return, but the yield over Britain will not we fear reach 28 bushels per imperial acre. In Scotland, and a large portion of the Kingdom, 24 bushels will be nearer the mark."

The Glasgow *Herald*, a well informed journal generally on agricultural affairs comments as follows on the estimates of Mr. Lawes:

"Yet there remain two unknown factors, each of them sufficiently important to rob an estimate for the whole country formed of Sir John Lawes' experiments of all reliability. The first is the difference of climate, rainfall, sunshine and atmospheric influence. Those influences no experimentalist can command, and experiments in the southern midlands would hardly be a safe guide to the yield even in the north central counties, much less a true index to the crops of the north and south. The second factor is that of the proportion of well to all farmed holdings in the United Kingdom. Sir John Lawes gets 35 bushels off an acre, well manured from the farm yard, but how many of the 2,700,000 under wheat are so manured? It is impossible even to make a guess."

The *Mark Lane Express* placed the output of the wheat crop of 1883 for food, &c., at 56,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels, indicating that the crop of 1883 is the smallest in 12 years, with the single exception of 1879.

The British markets are overloaded with wheat, and consequently weak and dull. The prospective closing of the Baltic for the winter, and the close of navigation in the lakes in this country will soon have an important influence upon values, as the heavy accumulation will then pass into consumption, and prices thereafter be based upon the results of the last harvest.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

| Oct. 29.                | Nov. 5. | per cwt. | per ton. |      |
|-------------------------|---------|----------|----------|------|
| Flour, extra State..... | 12      | 0 d.     | 12       | 0 d. |
| Wheat, No. 1 white..... | 8       | 6 d.     | 8        | 6 d. |
| Spring No. 2.....       | 9       | 0 d.     | 9        | 0 d. |
| do do new.....          | 8       | 2 d.     | 8        | 2 d. |
| do Western.....         | 8       | 7 d.     | 8        | 7 d. |

## CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 42,703 bu., and the shipments were 23,102 bu. The visible supply in the country on Oct. 27 amounted to 10,531,544 bu., against 11,263,344 bu. the previous week, and 3,669,145 bu. at the same date last year.

The export clearances for Europe for the past eight weeks were 8,097,142 bu., against 20,

285,310 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882.

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But the market is flat because outsiders are leaving it alone nearly entirely, and it is difficult to get up any enthusiasm over a market where Jim is "scraped" to the extent of half a cent on his purchases to-day, and gets it back out of Tom on a turn of the market tomorrow.

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At Afton, Ohio, traces of gold have been found, and there is great excitement.

The estimated reduction of the public debt for October, is \$10,000,000.

Last week Winslow's paper mill at New Market, N. H., burned \$30,000.

The War Department has ordered a court of inquiry into the failure of the Greeley expedition.

Gen. Sherman retired from the command of the army on the 1st, and Gen. Sheridan succeeds him.

An explosion of creosote, at a factory near Norfolk, last week, destroyed the entire establishment; loss \$100,000.

J. M. Cockerill, editor, of Leavenworth, Kansas, suicided at Platte City, Mo., in a fit of mental aberration caused by illness.

The President sustains the action of the Postmaster-General in the matter of the New Orleans National Bank and the lottery.

The steamer St. Francis, which cost \$40,000, sank in Lacadie Roads in the St. Lawrence last week. All the passengers were saved.

The father of Mary Churchill, the missing St. Louis girl, has received a letter from her, which gives no clue to her whereabouts.

A Troy, N. Y., youth is in trouble at Alton, because of his unduly affectionate heart. He was engaged to eighteen young women.

L. C. Tracy, clerk in the Washington post office, has been arrested charged with collecting from a fellow clerk on a "political as-asset."

Two reporters for Chicago papers had a fight in the Criminal Court at St. Louis over a matter of professional rivalry, and one bit the other's finger nearly off.

Frank Hyland, wanted in Youngstown, Ohio, for an attempted murder, was found in Atlanta, Ga., by means of newspaper clippings he had in his pocket.

The daughter of DeWitt Talmage was married last week in Brooklyn, N. Y., "swelled" with wedding, everyone knowing there, three thousand invitations were issued.

"The Big Swamp," Robeson County, N. C., containing 30,000 acres, has been sold by the State for 17-1/2 cents per acre, and will be cleared at once for agricultural purposes.

The great National fat stock show opened last week at Kansas City with a parade of 500 head of cattle. The show was fine, all breeds and sections of the country being represented.

A awful boiler explosion occurred on Goldbury's plantation, near Vickburg, Miss., last week. It shook the neighborhood for a mile. Four people were blown to pieces and 16 wounded.

The Land Commissioner reports that the disposal of lands during the year embraced 500,000 acres and Indian lands 399,333 acres, an increase over 1882 of about 50,000,000 acres.

Last year the total weight of mails dispatched to countries of the postal union, with the exception of Canada, was 2,532,900 pounds, an increase of 320,114 pounds over the weight the year before.

Gerrit Oakeshott, a Boston telegraph messenger boy, has received a legacy of \$14,000 left to him by a person who became acquainted with him in his business, and who advised his honesty and industry.

Mrs. O'Donnell, wife of Carey's slayer, is in service as a domestic in Philadelphia. She makes affidavit that O'Donnell didn't go to Africa to kill Carey, but went to try his luck in the diamond mines.

Upon the change in the command of the army, Gen. Sherman and Adjt.-Gen. Drum submitted their annual reports. The army is now composed of 2,143 officers and 23,355 men, 2,149 less than the full requirement.

The man who committed the dastardly act, a remittance man, confessing to a deficit of \$5,000. His friends say he is demoted. There is certainly good grounds for the suspicions, since he only stole the paltry sum of \$5,000.

By proceeding in the United States Court, at Denver, the title of 2,360 acres of valuable land in Colorado, fraudulently obtained under the pre-emption laws 10 years ago, was canceled, though now held by innocent parties.

A destructive fire occurred at Savannah, Ga., on the night of Oct. 13, last, in the heart of the city, eight lives, and the cremating of a cotton warehouse with 3,000 bales of cotton, the electric light works and an iron foundry.

Willohough, a village twenty miles east of Cleveland, Ohio, was ravaged by fire on the 2d. There was no fire department in the village and a strong wind blowing at the time rendered the efforts of the citizens unavailing.

Near Washington, Pa., on the 1st, a lad of seven years, a boy in a gun revolver, shot his nine-year-old brother with the usual result. The little boy died in a few moments, and the big boy pleads "didn't know it was loaded."

At Mulberry Grove, Ill., Allen Carpenter committed suicide by throwing himself in front of a train of cars. He had been almost entirely blind for three years, and having been told his eyes could not be cured, became depressed and took his life.

It is stated that some prominent ladies take advantage of the loose dress law of Connecticut and by spending the requisite time required to become a resident, at Newport, the fashionable resort, are enabled to break their matrimonial bonds almost at pleasure.

"Five per cent." cases are being argued before the United States Supreme Court. They involve the right of the States to a per cent. of the funds of public lands sold in those States. The proceeds of 63,000,000 acres of land in 19 States are involved.

At Freyer's Creek, ten miles from New Comerstown, O., Albertha Flinzer murdered his wife and their three children, and then shot himself. It is supposed that he was brooding over his inability to earn a living, he had become deranged, and committed the fatal deed when brooding over the possibility of coming to want.

Daniel B. Vermilye, was arrested at Chicago, last week, on a charge of embezzeling \$182,000 from the Weems stone and marble company, in which he was a stockholder. Gen. Myers, on the retired list, has sued Vermilye for \$20,000 intrusted him for investment, and for \$25,000 damages for alleged slander.

A tragic result followed a game of cards near Woodbury, Conn., last week. The players were two men, and all German. Rudolph Hines became angry, because his wife beat him, and kicked her with his heavy comedy boots. She became unconscious at once and soon died after. Hines was arrested.

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Hiram Hogan, serving a three years sentence in the penitentiary for burglary, has been pardoned by the governor for the purpose of aiding the testifiers to aid in prosecuting the Wabash and Erie. Hogan is charged with conspiring with thieves, of whom Hogan was one, to rob the Metropolitan Bank of Washington, the National printing office, and other important crimes. Should Hogan not keep his word with the Government, and

make good some of his statements, he will be forced to trial as a defendant.

#### Foreign.

Manchester miners, numbering 300,000, demand an advance of 15 percent.

De Braza, the French explorer, is reported to have been killed by savages on the upper Congo, in Africa.

A dynamite cartridge was exploded in the office of the Chief of Police at Frankfort-on-the-Main, last week, but no one was injured.

The Egyptian army under Hicks Pasha were attacked by ten thousand Arabs. The latter were repulsed with great loss of life, 8,000 being killed.

The governor of the Chinese province Yunnan will take a hand in the Tonquin trouble, and will be assisted by fourteen thousand troops.

A special cable from Berlin says that the government has ordered a rigid quarantine of all German ports in consequence of the outbreak of cholera at Pekin.

A great excitement was caused in Liverpool on the 31st ult., because of the failure of two large firms of cotton brokers. The suspensions greatly reduced the stock market.

The English steamer Hanover and the German ship Europa were in collision off Holyhead, both sank last week. Thirteen of the latter's crew and two of the former's drowned.

A riot occurred in Londonderry last week, because of the attempt of the Lord Mayor of Dublin to lecture in the City Hall. Orangemen took possession of the hall and prevented the lecture there, but it was delivered elsewhere.

On the night of Oct. 30, two explosions took place in the underground railways in London, England. The tunnels were battered, and great damage done. Eighty persons were injured, many of whom will die. The explosion at Charing Cross occurred directly under a passing train. The act is charged to the Fenians.

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#### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### When in Detroit and Looking for CARPETS, CURTAINS

—OR—

#### Furniture Coverings

ABBOT & KETCHUM,

have the Largest Stock and Best Variety in the State.

A special purchase of

#### LACE CURTAINS,

3½ yards long, from \$1.35 per pair worth \$2.00 per pair.

Agents for the "STANDARD" and "AU-RORA" Carpet Sweepers.

DETROIT LINSEED OIL CO.,

Cor. Leib and Wight Streets,

DETROIT, MICH.

Peninsular Steam Heat

FRUIT DRIER.

FOR FACTORY USE.

Eclipses All Others.

NEW PROCESS.

Write for Descriptive Pamphlet, address

GRANGER & SIBLEY, Armada, Mich.

6,000 Acres of Land

FOR SALE.

Offer for sale 6,000 Acres of Land, situated in the townships of Mayfield and Arcadia, Lapeer Co., Mich., within nine miles of Lapeer City. The County seat, flourishing and good market town and surrounding country are well known, and the soil is excellent. The land consists of about 5,000 acres of wild and 1,000 acres of cleared. Will sell the land in lots of 40 acres upwards, up to \$500 per acre; terms, 10 per cent. of purchase down. The cleared farms of 85 acres or more to suit purchaser, from \$100 to \$200 per acre, up to \$500 per acre, and will be paid down. The cleared farms of 85 acres or more to suit purchaser, from \$100 to \$200 per acre, up to \$500 per acre, and will be paid down. The cleared farms of 85 acres or more to suit purchaser, from \$100 to \$200 per acre, up to \$500 per acre, and will be paid down. The cleared farms of 85 acres or more to suit purchaser, from \$100 to \$200 per acre, up to \$500 per acre, and will be paid down. The cleared farms of 85 acres or more to suit purchaser, from \$100 to \$20

## Poetry.

## THE TRAMP.

Lemme sit down a minute, a stone's got in my shoe;  
Don't you commence cussin', I ain't done nothin' to you.  
Yes, I'm a tramp. What of it? Folks say we ain't no good;  
But tramps have to live, I reckon, tho' folks don't think we should.  
Once I was strong and handsome, had plenty of cash and clothes,  
That was before I tipped and gin got into my nose  
Down in the Lehigh Valley me and my people.  
I was a blacksmith, cap'en—yes, and a good one, too;  
Me and my wife and Nelly—Nelly was just sixteen  
She was the prettiest creature the valley had ever seen.  
Beastly why, she had a dozen—had 'em from near and far—  
But they was mostly farmers—none of 'em suited her.  
There was a city stranger, young, handsome and tall,  
Darn him, I wish had him strangled against that wall.  
He was the man for Nellie—she didn't know no ill;  
Mother, she tried to stop her, but you know a young gal's will.  
Well, it's the same old story—common enough you'll say;  
He was a soft-tongued devil, and got her to run away.  
More than a month or after, we heard from the poor young thing.  
He'd gone away and left her without a wedding ring.  
Back to her home we brought her, back to her mother's side,  
Filled with raging fever—she fell at my feet and died.  
Frantic with shame and trouble, her mother began to sulk,  
Dead—in less than a fortnight—that's when I took to drink.  
Gimme one glass, curm, and then I'll be on my way;  
I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel, if it takes till the judgment day.

## A CHARMING WOMAN.

\*A charming woman,\* I've heard it said  
By other woman as light as she;  
But all in vain I puzzle my head  
To find where the charmer may be,  
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,  
And her form is quite as good as the best,  
Where Nature has given the bony stuff,  
And a clever milliner all the rest.  
Intelligent? Yes—in a certain way,  
With the feminine gift of ready speech;  
And knows very well what not to say  
Whenever the theme transcends her reach;  
But turns the topic on things to wear,  
From an opera cloak to a robe de nuit—  
Mats, basques, or bonnets—will make you stare  
See how fluent the lady can be.  
Her laugh is hardly a thing to please;  
For an honest laugh must always start  
From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze,  
And hers is purely a matter of art—  
A muscular motion made to show  
What Nature designed to lie beneath  
The finer mouth; but what can she do,  
If that is ruined, to show her teeth?  
Her seat in church—a good half-mile—  
When the day is fine she is sure to go;  
Arrived, in the latest style  
La mode de Paris has got to show;  
And she puts her hands on the velvet pew  
(Can hands so white have a taint of sin?)  
And thinks how her prayer-book's tint of blue  
Must harmonize with her milky skin.  
And what shall we say of one who walks  
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?  
Reads authors of whom she never talks,  
And talks of authors she never reads?  
She's a charming woman,\* I've heard it said  
By other women as light as she;  
But all in vain I puzzle my head  
To find where the charm may be.

## PHILOPENA.

\*What sort of a gift will I take?  
Asks my saucy debtor,  
Shall she make, or buy, the thing,  
Which do I like better?  
\*Know st thou—pris'ner at the bar,  
(Still I hold her tightly),  
The meaning of that Grecian word?  
No,\* she answers lightly.  
\*Pens—penalty; philo—love,  
According to the letter,  
And if you cannot pay the debt  
I must keep the debtor.  
\*Would you buy your sentence off?  
Useless the endeavor;  
Yet, if you work the whole term out,  
It will take forever!"

## Miscellaneous.

## THE PASSENGER'S STORY.

The night mail upon the Cumberland Valley Railroad had reached the heavy up grade a few miles beyond Kanakia station, when it became evident to the passengers that something had gone decidedly wrong. The speed of the train sensibly slackened; there came a series of tremendous jolts, accompanied by a curious and unpleasant whirling sound, followed in turn by a complete stoppage. A dozen heads were thrust inquisitively out of the car windows, and as many voices insisted upon knowing all about it immediately. In these days of magnificent collisions and holocausts, the traveling public exhibits an astonishing amount of interest in railway concerns, to the great scorn and indignation of all officials connected.

"You have nothing to fear," said the conductor, who passed through the car, superb in gold buttons and official dignity. "We have struck an up grade where an oil train stopped an hour ago. The tracks are oiled, and the drivers don't take hold. We shall get the sand running in half a minute."

It was doubtless, clear enough to those who understand such matters, but to me his explanation was mere jargon. As somebody said of Coleridge's commentary upon his poem, "Christabel," I wished he "would explain his explanation."

The gentleman who occupied the seat immediately in front of me, a fine, middle-aged man, with an erect, military air, seemed to have no difficulty in making out the state of affairs. He smiled and nodded with an exceedingly knowing look, and was preparing to settle himself comfortably in his seat again, when I tapped him upon the shoulder, and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but what has happened? The conductor's explanation is Chinese to me. What does he mean by the tracks being oiled?"

The gentleman turned about so as to face me.

"It is a simple matter," he said, courteously, "to those who have an idea of railroad affairs. The power of an engine depends upon the friction of the drivers on the tracks—taking hold, as it is called. If there is oil upon the rails, especially upon an up grade, there is no friction, consequently the wheels simply spin around upon the train."

"Ah," said I, "I comprehend."

"I could illustrate the case by an event which occurred to me upon this very spot some years ago. I have always thought it a rather remarkable incident, and perhaps you may find it so. The circumstance I refer to," he continued, "took place during the war. I was at that time an Adjutant upon General Thomas' staff during the exciting and momentous campaign in the mountains of Tennessee. If you remember, there were many times when it was feared that our last hour had come. Our communications were repeatedly cut off, and our whole command in danger of instant destruction. It was at one of those times that the event I will relate, occurred.

"We were at this time entrenched upon a spur of the hills around Chattanooga, while we had been driven by the desperate courage of the confederates. Our stores had run low, and but one line of communication was open to us, that of the railroad into the eastern part of the State. By a brilliant flank movement, the confederates succeeded in throwing a line across this one highway; and there we were, hemmed in like a woodchuck in his burrow. Starvation or surrender stared us in the face. One or the other of these alternatives we must accept in a few days at most, unless some unexpected change took place very speedily.

"It is, perhaps, difficult for us to comprehend the feelings of a commander, hitherto successful, and with the fate, perhaps, of a nation depending upon his action, placed in such a position as our General then was. I saw his face grow hourly more pale and despairing, his step slower and more feeble, and his whole air that of a man whose heart and spirit were breaking under the strain. But Thomas was not the man to yield until every resource had been sounded to the bottom. And there was still one resource yet left—a very desperate and almost hopeless one, it is true.

"After placing the poor fellow in as comfortable a position as possible. I seized the shovel and began my new duties.

"By this time we had passed out of

range of the batteries, which now and

then, however, sent a sullen shot in our

direction, as a parting evidence of their good will.

"We are safe!" I said with a sigh of relief, "to their last line of works. The road is clear before us."

"I hope so, sir," responded the engineer. "How is your arm, John?"

"Very bad, William," groaned the fireman; "but that ain't the worst of it. We ain't through with the trouble, yet."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "The scouts say that there are no troops beyond us, except our own at Kanakia station."

"But they are following us," replied the poor fireman. "They are after us hot and heavy."

"I looked at the engineer under the impression that the fireman was in a delirium with his injury."

"He's right, Captain," said the engineer, listening intently. "Sure as fate they have pulled out the engine we saw at the junction, and are chasing us."

"But there's no possibility of their overtaking us," I replied.

"I don't know about that," he said, gravely. "That engine is a heavy one, and I have seen her make a good fifty miles with a train behind her. This one is a light machine, and I can't promise more than forty at the most. Besides they seem a matter of impossibility to reopen it through the heavy lines of confederates, which lay across the railroad. Gen. Thomas, however, determined to try it, and I was selected for the dangerous but honorable duty of the attempt."

"We had reason to suppose that the enemy had not destroyed the railroad, and that if we were not captured at the outset we might get an engine through to Kanakia station, where Stockton lay."

"At half-past ten o'clock my orders were given me, and I mounted the engine which was either to carry me to my death or save the army. It was not a powerful machine, but it was the best at our disposal, and in good order, fortunately. One of our men who had been an engineer, undertook to manage the engine, and another to fire it. Both were cool, tried men, but as we stepped into the cab together I saw them shake hands with their comrades, and bid them farewell. Evidently neither of them expected to get through alive."

"Put in a couple of extra tallow cans, John," said the engineer. "We're going to make time, and I expect the old machine will heat up finely."

"The cans were stowed away in the caboose, the engineer opened the throttle valve, and amid an impressive silence in the crowd surrounding the starting point, we moved slowly away. About two miles distant lay the first battery which the enemy had thrown up to command the road; beyond that were several more; to say nothing of several picket lines scattered along the tracks. So you will perceive we were to run a pretty warm gauntlet.

"We had proceeded but a very short distance when there was a flash and a report from the shrubbery skirting the road, and a bullet crashed through the window of the cab. An out-post had already discovered us, and had given us a foretaste of what we were to expect further on."

"Let her out!" I said to the engineer.

"There is no use in trying to hide ourselves. Speed is our only chance now."

"Very good, sir," replied the engineer, opening the valve as he spoke. The engine hounded like a spurred horse. On we went, swaying from side to side, until it seemed as if we must jump the track. Meanwhile our enemies along the road were not idle. Bullet after bullet whistled by us, but fortunately, what with the darkness and the rapidity of our motion, none of them reached us.

"We had now arrived in sight of the first battery. By the lights moving hurriedly along the parapet, it was obvious that our approach was expected. As we passed abreast the battery, it gave us its first compliment in the shape of a round shot, followed by a storm of grape. Here, again, the darkness and our speed saved us. Several of the grape shot glanced off the frame of the engine without doing any damage."

"Give her some more fire, John," said the engineer, grimly. "If they happen to knock a hole in us with one of them bits of iron, you won't do more firing, my boy, I tell you that."

"Not in this world, anyway," responded the fireman, with saturnine humor. "Cav't tell what I may do in the next world, William."

"The reckless bravery of the two men in the face of such danger, shamed away my own arising tremor, and I folded my arms and looked toward the battery, which was evidently preparing to give us another salute. It came in the shape of a conical shot, with so true an aim that it

whizzed within a foot of the boiler, and carried off the bell, which fell with a clang among the bushes.

"Thank you," said the engineer, with a grin. "We don't need the bell, anyhow. You can use it yourself, to ring to dinner with."

"By this time we had passed out of the first battery, and were under the guns of two more. These works had been constructed to command the junction of our road with another running south. There was also a station at this point, and as we whirled by, I saw an engine standing upon a siding, with steam up. I caught sight of a number of men running toward it, as well as others busy with a car which stood near it. What they were at I could not make out, for we passed them like a flash of lightning. At this moment, too, the batteries, which had probably received telegraphic notice of our approach opened fire upon us, and for a moment the air seemed to be alive with shrieking iron.

"More fire, John," cried the engineer; "ram her full up to the door, or it's all up with us."

"The fireman stooped to obey, but at that moment a shell struck upon the caboose, leaned down and dropped the bar as nearly as I could across the track. Heaven forgive me! But with what interest I waited for some crash or outcry which should signal the destruction of our pursuers! In a moment more there was a sharp clang along the rails behind us, and a crackling among the bushes lining the road.

"She has kicked it off," said the engineer. "Try my heavy overcoat. I've known a piece of cloth like that to get among the wheels and jam them so that you couldn't stir them an inch."

"I did as directed. The garment fell across the track and exactly where the forward trucks could strike it. Presently there was a heavy jolting sound behind us, and a shrill escape of steam.

"Caught!" cried the engineer. "If it has only wedged into the piston bar, then may it work out."

"We find it," he continued, "that the Captain has got to hunt up some more papers concerning the estate before he can give Barron a satisfactory title. We shall go to Judge Whitcomb's office, and our search may be so successful that 11 o'clock will find us home again. Still, we may be detained longer. Shan't I call and tell your cousin Milly to come down and spend the night with you?"

"I did as directed. The garment fell across the track and exactly where the forward trucks could strike it. Presently there was a heavy jolting sound behind us, and a shrill escape of steam.

"Some accident had certainly happened to our enemies, for all sounds of pursuit rapidly died away, and we began to breathe freer. We had now reached a point within five miles of Kanakia, in two or three more we should be within the line of our outposts. At this moment I saw the engineer lean forward and listen again, intently.

"What is it?" I asked.

"After us again," he said, quietly. "The coat merely retarded them a little. There they are!"

"I could now plainly perceive the black figure of the engine, emitting white clouds of steam into the pale night sky, whirling swiftly around a curve not sixty rods behind. Angered with the delay, and knowing that if we were to be captured at all, it must be within the next ten minutes, they were coming more rapidly than ever. We were at the foot of this very up grade where we now are. It extends for nearly three miles beyond Kanakia, and is one of the heaviest in the country. It was at this point that our fate was decided. From the moment we ran up to it, our light engine began to lose ground hopelessly. Our pursuers were now so near that we could plainly observe the movements of those in the engine cab by the light of their gauge lamp."

"Oh, for five minutes more!" I groaned.

"It is horrible to be trapped or killed in sight of friends or safety."

"Yes," muttered the engineer, "there is no hope now. When they fire there won't be much left of us. And they will, too, in half a moment."

"Get something to balance her," grunted the fireman, sententiously.

"John is right," explained the engineer. "You see, sir, if an engine has no weight behind her, she apt to jump and pound the rails, and, if you put her at full speed, to get off the track altogether. So, while that engine behind us can do her level best, we can't even let out to forty miles, without danger of a smash-up."

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"Bravo, John, just the thing," exclaimed the engineer, as if perceiving a meaning in the other's words which escaped me utterly. "Captain, those dispatches are safe, and you owe it to John; for I should never have thought of it in a lifetime."

"By this time the fireman was standing at the valves, and the engineer had found the tallow cans, two brass vessels, each holding a gallon or more with long, curved sprouts. One of these he gave to me, while he kept the other himself, and we scrambled over the coal to the rear of the tender. I had not the remotest idea of what we were going to accomplish, and there was no time to lose in any explanation."

"Now," said my companion, in an excited tone, "lean over and pour your tallow carefully upon the track as we go along. Don't waste a drop, and don't leave a foot of rail unoled."

"I obeyed him in silence, and soon the tracks for a long distance behind us were shining with the thick, greasy fluid. When the contents of the cans were exhausted, the engineer said, as he arose from his cramped position:

"I think we've fixed them. John, old man, you can ease her up a trifle. We shall have no more trouble to-night."

"I looked back and saw that our pursuers had just reached the oiled section of the track. Their own momentum carried them forward some distance, then there was a harsh, whirling sound, and a furious escape of steam. All was plain to us, now. On the up grade, the drivers, finding no resistance to the oiled track, simply whirled around, without bearing the engine on a foot. It was as helpless as a hamstrung elephant."

"At this moment a shot was fired in the road before us, and a hoarse voice commanded us to halt. Well aware that we were now among friends, our engine was stopped, and the facts explained to the officer in command of the detachment.

"There is little more to relate. Our pursuers and their engines were neatly captured. Stockton division had a fortuitous movement, and relieved Thomas and his army from their perilous position. As for myself and my brave companions, we were not forgotten, and I am glad to say that the inventive John, whose timely suggestion had saved our engine, and perhaps our army, left the service with the rank of Captain, in the engineer corps."

"Having finished his story, and our train at the same time beginning to move on, my interesting companion wrapped himself up in his cloaks, and was soon asleep.</

## BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall, what a quare-lookin' place it is! I keep me from such all the days of my life!—Sure when I think what a barin' disgrace it is, Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

Pots, dishes, pans, an' such greasy commodities, Ashes and praty skins kiver the floor; His cupboard's a stowhouse of comical oddities, Things that had never been neighbors before.

Say like the Old Bachelor gloomy an' sad enough, Placin' the ray-kittie over the fire; Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad enough If we were present, to fight with the square!

He looks for the platter—Grimalkin is scorning it! Sure, at a bustle like that, swearin' no sin; His detholtch is missin'; the pigs are devorin' it! Tender and turf! what a pickle he's in!

When he male's over, the table's left sittin' so; Didn't take care of yourselves if you can; Divin' a drop of hot water will vest ye—oh, let him alone for a bustle of a man.

Now like a pig in a mortar-bed wallowin', Say the old bachelor knadin' his dough; Truth, if his bread he could ate without swallowin', How it would favor his palate, ye know.

Late in the night, when he goes to bed shiverin', Never a bit is the bed made at all; He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin'—Bad luck to the pictur of Bachelor's Hall!

## Prescription for a Love-Story.

"Is this the literary editor?"  
The horse reporter looked up and discovered a young lady in the doorway.  
"No, madame," he replied, "the literary editor is at present engaged in the construction of an elaborate critique of the Trotting and Pacing Records. You will probably see something in next week's paper about the idyllic love-story of Maud S. and St. Julian, the tender romance of Jay Eye-See, and the sad, pathetic story of Early Rose and Aldine. You can bet that when the literary editor of this paper gets his taper fingers on a book he reviews it. I have been told that he once turned himself loose on a volume of differential calculus that had just been issued, and remarked that, while the more frivolous portion of the reading public might hold that certain chapters of the work were somewhat uninteresting, the great moral lesson inculcated in regard to the square of the hypotenuse should be known to all, and that to the merchant, the farmer, or the young mother who wanted something handy to throw at the children when they became too fresh, this chaste volume would prove invaluable. When it comes to giving a calm and dispassionate opinion, in which the lurid glare of impassioned genius is softened and mellowed by the lambent rays of experience, *The Tribune's* literary editor is liable to beat the record any minute. I suppose you have an original story, written on white paper and tied with a blue ribbon, concealed somewhere about your person, and want the literary editor to commence with it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young lady. "I have written a story, and Mamma thinks it is very good."

"Is there anything in it about leaves turning to golden and the velvety green of the leaves now looking scree and brown? Because if there is it won't do. The season for brown-mantle-of-October-resting-on-the-hills-and-leaves-turning-golden stories is about at an end. We have got to carry over more brown-mantle-of-October stuff than you can shake a stick at. The dull-red-glow-of-the-dying-embers racket is what we shall show the public from now until December. Got any dying embers in your story?"

"No, sir. Mine is a love story." "That's all right. The dull red glow of dying embers works in beautifully as a love story, although as a rule young men who fall in love don't have currency enough to buy a cord of wood to make embers of."

"But why must I write my story in this particular style?" answered the young lady.

"Because it's the season for it. You want to start out by saying that as Harold Nonesch, the rich banker, sat in his magnificently furnished parlor and gazed thoughtfully into the dull red embers of the dying fire in the grate there came trudging up from the dim vista of an almost forgotten past; memories—sad, sad memories—that caused the unbridled tear to start. Don't make any mistake about the tear business. Be sure to have only one tear, because that's the orthodox style in stories. Of course nobody but a one-eyed man could shed one tear at a crack unless he had plugged up one of his lacrimal ducts, but in novels it is always put that way. And you want to be certain that is an unbridled tear. A tear that had received a cordial invitation to present and start wouldn't do at all. Then say that the old man's thoughts wandered back to the days of his childhood. Be certain to have them wander back, going across lots and stopping once in awhile to pick sand burrs out of their toes. If you were to say that his thoughts went back the story would be spoiled. 'Wander' is the correct style. Then when you get the old man back to his boyhood days you want to trot out Lucy."

"Trot out who?"

"Lucy—Little Lucy Perkins—with her great blue eyes and golden hair—the playmate of his youth that he loved so dearly and always looked upon at his future wife. Then lug out another unbridled tear, and finally the old man break down in a storm of sobs."

"It's very sad, isn't it?" said the young lady. "Lucy died, I suppose, and the old man's heart is breaking."

"No," said the horse reporter. "Lucy married another man."

"Then what makes the banker weep?"

"Sympathy for the other man."—Chicago Tribune.

## Wetting Lead Pencils.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it, just before writing, which we notice in so many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason—unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation.

A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspapermen and stenographers. But nearly everyone does wet a pencil before using it. This

fact was definitely settled by a newspaper clerk away down east.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that of fifty persons who came into his office to write an advertisement, forty-nine wet a pencil in their mouths before using it. Now this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with a something of the pride a soldier feels in his gun or sword, and it hurts his feelings to have his pencil spoiled. But politeness and business considerations require him to lend his pencil scores of times a day; and often after it had been wet till it was hard and brittle and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him.

Finally he got some cheap pencils and sharpened them, and kept them to lend. The first person who took up the stock pencil was a drayman whose breath smelled of onions and whisky. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it for several minutes, while he was torturing himself in the effort to write an advertisement for a missing bulldog.

Then a sweet-looking lady came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up the same old pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best Faber pencils, but he was too late. And thus that pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week.

## Rufus Choate.

Imagine, then, a man somewhat less than six feet in height, full, deep breast, high and unseemly shoulders, legs slender and in appearance weak, hands and feet ill-formed, head broad and symmetrical, with a fine intellectual face, equally attractive to men and to women, complexion dark, mouth and nose large, eye blue and gentle when in repose, but brilliant and full of fire when aroused, imagine all this and you have a picture of Rufus Choate. Remember, also, that his manners and ways are as gentle as those of the best bred women. To the young he was kind and often affectionate; to the aged, respectful; to those in authority, deferential. Moreover, he possessed a voice at once copious, sonorous and emotional, responding like music, and touching not only the sentiments and feelings, but even the opinion and judgment of men. His vocabulary knew no limit, except that set by the language itself. I remember one eminent gentleman, a friend of Choate's, who, when he heard that a new Webster's dictionary had been issued containing 1,000 extra words, exclaimed, "I beg of you not to let Choate hear of it." Mr. Choate seldom stated the exact truth in conversation or argument, but expressed the truth by manifest exaggeration of the truth. When offering wine to his friends he would say, on being asked why he did not take a glass also, "Oh, I don't drink once in a thousand years."

One time when Choate was arguing in behalf of a client who was seeking compensation for an injury to himself, horse, carriage and harness, the advocate spoke of everything except the last named. Just as he was sitting down, his young assistant reminded him of the omission, and immediately Choate, somewhat irritated, rose again and said: "Ah, Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the jury, the harness, too, a safe, substantial, serviceable—second hand harness," and then sat down. Mr. Choate had a sensitive, nervous organization. He enjoyed no relaxation of the will of public life. When warned of what the result would be, he replied sadly, "I have no alternative but the insane asylum." He was once asked how it was that his constitution held out so well. "Ah," he replied, "that is gone long ago; I am living on the law now." Choate was too often doubtful of success in conversation, but in the trial he gave no sign of this. His constitutional timidity, however, showed itself in his politics. As to his powers as attorney, said Wendell Phillips in his oration on "Boston Idols": "New England shrieks, 'Here is Choate, who made it safe to murder, and for whose help thieves asked before they began to steal.'" No greater tribute to Choate's argumentative power at the bar could be given, but there was something beneath all this. Although not a statesman, yet Choate's views on public matters were those of a statesman.—*Geo. S. Boutwell*.

**The Work of a Man Who Has Proved That Nothing Succeeds Like Failure.**

Intersecting one of the nice parallelograms that make up the programme of Philadelphia's streets there is a narrow alley. It is flagged with stone and bounded on the right hand by a high fence, and on the left by a brick wall, which forms the side of a low, square building a story and a half in height. You go up the narrow alley and find that it is blind. But there is an outlet—a small door, which is behind you when you face the barricade. It opens inward to a room which is not unlike a machinist's workshop. That is Keely standing there with the long bow, and drawing it over the vibrating steel points on the generator.

Take a good look at him before he disappears into the laboratory. He does not draw the long bow before the profane, vulgar. The "god of the machine" seldom appears in front of the footlights. When he was called before a Judge recently and asked to name a day on which his motor would move, he said: "Who knows? Patience, and shuffle the cards. It will move, but it will not be hurried," and so the stockholders, knowing that their only hope of benefiting by the invention was anchored in Keely, the inventor, let him go back to his enchantments, and even put more money in his purse.

He is a living embodiment of an old adage, reversed to read: "Nothing succeeds like failure." He is tall, massive and plethoric, especially in the cheeks and nose, where the passing regiments of good dinners that he has eaten at the expense of others have left their fires burning, or, perchance, only a stray stand of colors. His features are coarse, yet full of a kind of canine sagacity and tenacity—the wit to grab and the grit to hold on. His

inflated shirt front discovers a flashing diamond as big as the head of a screw. He has a comfortable house, and is fond of fast horses.

I asked him many direct questions, but he is a master hand at evasion. "When? Well, the generator is all finished, so is the engine. A few more preliminary tests. It is a matter of weeks now. This year? Beyond a doubt. All that remains is to generate the power, apply it to the cylinder, and there you are, 1,000 revolutions to the minute, if necessary."

This patter, or something to the same effect, he repeated mechanically, letting his nervous, restless eyes rove around the dimly lighted shop, where his foreman and assistant were busying themselves in making the disorder more marked and appalling among the mute and rusty tools.

His manner and attitude impressed me as that of a man who, when ignorant of the action of material forces, stumbled about what to him was a novel effect, let us say, gases in combination. Following up his experiments he first succeeded in convincing himself that he had evolved a new force and got the money to develop it. That was nearly ten years ago. After repeated failure, he long since ceased to be deceived himself, but having found the task of deceiving others so easy as well as profitable, he kept up the fiction of a new discovery, and has now involved himself in a labyrinth of delusion and mystery.

The secret of his success in replenishing his coffers from time to time, the power of levying taxes upon human credulity amounting in the aggregate to hundreds of thousands of dollars, has been the lavishness and prodigality of his promises. In this he has shown a constructive imagination more powerful than the greatest romancers.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

## The Soldier Not a Grabber.

Pension Commissioner Dudley denies the charge made in certain quarters that the soldier is degenerating into a grabber, and is trying to coin his services and his wounds into the highest possible amount of cash. General Dudley says there are living to-day almost as many veterans who have not applied for pensions as there were soldiers on the roll of the army in May, 1865. There were 1,000,516 names on the rolls on that date, and there are at present 962,000 veterans who have never asked a dollar of the government. There are on file in Washington 169,000 certificates of disability that have not been acted on, simply because that number of living veterans, who are clearly and indisputably entitled to pensions, have not asked for anything at the hands of the government. Although lists of the pensioners now on the rolls were printed in many newspapers throughout the country several days ago, not a single complaint has reached the pension office going to show that persons not entitled to receive pensions are getting assistance.

## VARIETIES.

Here aristocratic manner and rich elaborate toilet seemed somewhat out of place in the plebeian surroundings of the Fifth Avenue stage when she entered at Forty-Second Street yesterday. Drawing her skirts about her she retired as far as possible into a corner seat, and gazed persistently out of the window. On the opposite side sat a neatly attired young man with carefully waxed mustache, very white hands and an air generally suggestive of the clergy. He glanced at the fair vision in the corner from time to time in a reproachful manner. She looked furtively at him from beneath her lashes, and with a pretty puckering of her brow seemed trying to recall at which of the summer resorts she had met him. That his face was familiar was evident, and finally deciding that he rightfully belonged to the army of summer captives that had laid their heads at her feet, she concluded to end his misery by recognizing him. He was well dressed, apparently well bred, and undoubtedly belonged to Murray Hill. So, turning, with a little start of recognition their eyes met and she bowed stiffly. He seemed delighted, and changing his seat to her side, he said:

"You are very kind to remember me."

"Oh, no," she replied with an air of polite reserve, as she tried to place him. "I recall perfectly the pleasant occasion on which we met yesterday. Drawing her skirts about her she went out to look at their corn one evening and found it knee high, and growing so fast that they stuck a stick up in hill of corn to see how much it would grow by morning. They went back next morning and the stalks had three ears of corn and the stick had a nubbin."

## Chaff.

A wise man is like a spring lock, always more ready to shut than open.

The question is: "Can a girl who doesn't use powder make her bang?"

One swallow doesn't make a summer, but too many are dead sure to make a bummer.

**Texas Marriage Notice.**—"No cards, no cake, no flowers, and nobody's business."

Fashionable ladies like to get a "new wrinkle" but they don't want it to show on the forehead.

Nobody ever thought it necessary to urge a pawnbroker to take more interest in his business.

The man who was reconciled to his lot must have had the mortgage on it lifted, or something.

To speak of the thread of an argument would imply that the whole thing is a "yar."

There is a man in Pittsburgh so fond of "flash" literature that he won't read anything but a woman's paper.

A barber shop on Saturday nights is the only place which we can call to mind just now that has "no vacant chair."

Spurgeon says that a man who is in the habit of practising every day on a corset may be the fittest of all to be a Christian, but that it is out of the question for him to be obliquely blind to very wayward mysteries.

"Don't tell me you won't," said an Elmer father to his little daughter of six summers.

"Well, but, pap," said the artless little one, "what shall I say when I mean I won't?"

A girl named Gable in a New England town shot and wounded a burglar who was trying to get in at a window. It was a good thing for him that it was not a house of seven Gables.

Harmless.—Sportsman (who has missed again): "I say, Mumblies, the birds seem to be afraid of me." Keeper: "Well, sir, they didn't ought to be, for you never 'unt' any on 'em."

"Will you please state that Miss Anderson is not the only dignified American. I too have in my day refused to see the Prince of Wales, although at the time I held three jacks."—Sheek.

It is sheer wantonness to be satisfied with a lesser good when waiting patiently you can have what you want. The proverb has it, it is better to wait a hour to-morrow than an egg to-day."

Matches are made in Heaven probably for the reason that in the other place such as Earth are not likely to furnish. The large percentage of insurance would be demanded on the stock.

"Are those pure canaries?" asked a gentlewoman of a bird fancier, with whom he was negotiating for a pair. "Yes, sir," said the dealer confidently. "I raised them 'ere birds from the very canary seeds."

Freddy's Mamma (who is subject to bad headaches): "Why, Freddy, dear, what is the matter with you?" "I'm crying," she said. "I'm afraid of my head." "Keep it, dear," said the mother, "but don't let it knock me in the stomach!"

"May I see the Ballville Register?"

The gentleman from Iowa addressed one of the Herald staff, who happened to be in the exchange room.

"Certainly, sir; take a seat; the exchange editor will be in soon."

"I am the editor of the Register. I regard the Herald as the best paper on my exchange list."

"Yes; we all deem the Register the best paper in Iowa. Indeed, we stand at the door when Albert brings the mail, and grab for the Ballville Register. It is full of ideas, and we get subjects for editorials and special articles by the year from it. We couldn't get along without the Register."

Journalistic courtesy of this kind is due from one editor to another. Presently the exchange editor came in.

"May I see the Ballville Register?"

"Certainly. You will find it in the waste-basket."

Violent gesticulations from the courtesy editor.

"That Register is the very poorest paper that sneaks into this office," continues the exchange man, amid a shower of gesticulations.

"And vain 'ems!" "I never saw a copy of the Register that had an idea in it as big as an O with the rim knocked off. I always pitch the blame into the waste basket as soon as I see the wrapper. I don't know what they keep sending it here for."

The editor of the courtesy department vainly threw his shoulders out of joint and left the room. When he came back the Iowa editor was gone. "Say, that was the editor of the Register."

The exchange editor jumped into the waste basket and pulled the lid down.—Chicago Herald.

It was during the peninsula campaign, just before the battle of Williamsburg, that Gen. McClellan had issued an order forbidding foraging, under penalty of severe punishment.

"I understand that you referred to me as a pig, sir," remarked a pompous elderly gentleman to a young man who had spoken dispar-

agingly of him to a third person. "You have been misinformed, sir," replied the young man. "I hope that I know better than to refer to a person of your advanced age as a pig."

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made of roots, herbs and bark. It gives tone to the stomach and makes the weak strong. Sold by Druggists.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 15, 1881.

"I have been sick with pleurisy and pneumonia. It left me with a very hard, hacking cough. All the physicians and medicines I have tried, and I shall recommend to the menu."

MARY A. BROCKWELL.

young ladies, a fashion which our young ladies can certainly follow at quiet home weddings.

The umbrella is a favorite wedding decoration, and signifies the warding off of misfortunes, but it takes a great quantity of flowers. Monograms are much used in this city the wedding bell does not ring for fashionable marriages; "

**Farm Law.**

Inquiries from subscribers falling under this head will be answered in this column if the replies are of general interest. Address communications to Henry A. Haigh, Attorney, Sets Block, Detroit.

## School Tax.

SANFORD, Mich., Oct. 22, '83.

**Dear Sir.—** Can a farmer be taxed to support a school that owing to its location, his children cannot attend either safely or regularly? The facts in the case are: Our school district is divided into two nearly equal divisions by Tittabawassee River, which is used for floating sawlogs, and its condition is such that it cannot be crossed safely, and the nearest bridge is five miles. If the laws are that we must pay the tax, can we compel the district to furnish a school that our children can attend, as there are four or five families on our side of the river, whose children get no schooling, although they pay a large share of the school taxes. If we have any remedy, and the question is of sufficient interest for publication, please answer and oblige.

M. A. V.

**Answer.—** School taxes are levied upon all the taxable property of the district, and are collected and returned in the same manner as township taxes. There is no provision of law for exempting any taxable property from this liability, because of its remoteness or inaccessibility from the school house or for any other reason. All taxable property is subject to the school tax whether the owners of it derive any benefit from the school or not. This may work an apparent hardship in the case of non-residents and persons having no children sent to school. But the American doctrine is that popular education is necessary to the well-being of the community, the protection of rights and property, the prevention of pauperism, etc., and hence it is deemed right and expedient to tax all property for its support. There has never been any forcible or united opposition to this doctrine, though some there are who urge, not without reason, that the idea has been carried rather to an extreme among us, especially as regards the higher institutions of learning.

In the case of our inquirer it is possible that there is a remedy for the trouble he mentions in the power given to the township school inspectors to regulate and alter the boundaries of school districts, as circumstances shall render proper. It may be that he and his neighbors can let put into another district, the school of which is nearer or more accessible to them; or possibly the district could be so divided as to give our friends a school of their own. The statute governing the matter is rather liberal.

## Line Fences.

Four inquiries relative to line or fence fences have been received during the past week. The whole matter of fences has been several times carefully set forth in this column, and the point involved in each of these inquiries has been specifically answered within the last year or so. If our inquirers will therefore please refer to the back numbers for the information desired, they will save a repetition here which could be of interest again to many readers besides themselves.

## Stipulated Damages.

G. B. W. a builder, wishes to know if parties who are contracting can agree in their contract as to what damages one shall pay the other if he fails to perform his contract.

**Answer.—** They can. The sum so agreed upon is called stipulated or liquidated damages, and if just and reasonable it can be enforced in case the contract is broken. Stipulated damages, however, have been held in many of the cases that have come before the courts, to be the same as a penalty in a bond, and only a recovery of the actual damages sustained has been permitted. This arises from the fact that in almost all cases it is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain beforehand what damages will result from a breach of contract, and in cases of uncertainty the amount stipulated will generally be regarded as a penalty.

H. A. H.

**Veterinary Department**

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this paper is given to all subscribers desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of THE AMERICAN DAIRYMAN, 201 First Street, New York, and small names accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long they have existed, the animal's age, sex, and weight, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

**Probably Contracture of the Back Tendons.**

ESCANABA, Oct. 23, 1883.

**Dear Sir.—** I have a valuable horse that was lame about a week ago, in the hind foot, he can't put the hind down, but walks on his toe all the time. My neighbor says he is stiffed, and ought to have a stiff shoe on the other foot. I can't see any other symptoms than his going on his toe. Is he stiffed, and will a stiff shoe cure him? Please answer in the columns of THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

SUBSCRIBER.

**Answer.—** Your horse is not stiffled, as is called. The probability is that the back tendons are from some cause contracted. You had better have the advice of a veterinarian who after a personal examination of the animal will advise you understandingly. The stiff shoe is a cruel instrument of torture, long since discontinued. Any one using it is liable to prosecution for cruelty to animals.

## Curb.

LANSING, Mich., Oct. 20th, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

In this week's FARMER I find a remedy for curb. Will light work while under treatment retard or hinder a cure? About how long will it take to remove it? One came on my four year old colt three weeks ago from a strain, stepping into a hole.

W. A. DRYER.

**Answer.—** When a horse throws a curb without lameness, moderate work or light driving will do no harm, but when lameness accompanies it the animal should not be worked. An ordinary curb may be removed in from one to two or three weeks.

## A Rumor Contradicted.

Some weeks ago there was an article going the rounds of the press, appearing in the FARMER also, from a correspondent who claimed that while on an eastern trip he had seen some high priced Jersey cattle that had been purchased in this country for shipment to the Island of Jersey. This item met the eye of Mr. Eber Cottrell, who had just returned from the Island, and he at once wrote to Mr. J. Arnold, the leading exporter of Channel Islands cattle, and received the following reply:

SUMMER HOUSE, ROUGE BOUILLON,  
JERSEY, Oct. 10, 1883.

**Dear Sir.—** You received of the 27th of September. I had not heard of the report of Jersey returning to the island, but it is quite false. In fact, our State would not allow an animal from any part to land here alive. We cannot now, owing to a new law, bring back a cow from an English exhibition, although the beast should be island born. We have yet a good number of fair animals to breed with, but at the same time you are importing the best we have. With best respects, I am, Dear Sir,

EUGENE J. ARNOLD.

## The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the British grain trade for the past week says:

"Sowing is nearly completed. Wheat is steady, but business unsolicited was small. Flour was in great demand. Fine barleys retain their values on account of their good quality, good dealings in 2s 2d per bushel, and trading was light. Very little fluctuation was noted in values, which closed as follows: Cereals—Wheat, 2s 2d; Barley, 2s 2d; Oats, 2s 2d; Rye, 2s 2d; Maize, 2s 2d; Minnows, 2s 2d; Wheat, 2s 2d; Barley, 2s 2d; Oats, 2s 2d; Rye, 2s 2d."

**Wheat.**—Yesterday the market was quiet and trading was light. Very little fluctuation was noted in values, which closed as follows: Cereals—Wheat, 2s 2d; Barley, 2s 2d; Oats, 2s 2d; Rye, 2s 2d; Maize, 2s 2d; Minnows, 2s 2d; Wheat, 2s 2d; Barley, 2s 2d; Oats, 2s 2d; Rye, 2s 2d."

**Oats.**—Steady and unchanged. About 2s 2d per bushel for No. 2 mixed, and 2s 2d for No. 2 white.

**Barley.**—Good to choice. Steadily placed at 2s 2d 1/2 per cental, and low to medium grades at 2s 2d 1/2.

**Rye.**—Receipts light, and quotations are 2s 2d per bu.

**Feed.**—Scarce and in demand. Flax is worth 2s 2d, coarse middlings 1s 5s, and fine 1s 10s.

**Oatmeal.**—Demand good, and prices steady. Fine Ohio and Illinois selling at \$3, other kinds at \$2 1/2.

**Corn Meal.**—Firm and steady at \$2 2d 1/2 per ton.

**Apples.**—Market quiet, with a wide range in prices owing to disparity in quality of offerings. Good to choice lots are readily disposed of at 2s 2d 1/2 per bushel, and extra quality at 2s 2d 1/2 per bushel.

**Beans.**—No so firm. Sellers are quoting at 2s 2d 1/2 per bushel.

**Butter.**—Receipts of choice light and market firm at 2s 2d 1/2 for late made. Creamery is selling at 2s 2d 1/2. Low grades neglected and prices nominal at a range of 1s 5s to 2s 2d for anything that consumers care about, and 2s 2d for green grass.

**Cheese.**—Market steady. Full cream cheese are quoted at 14 1/2¢ per lb.; 1/2 cream 13 1/2¢ per lb.; 1/4 cream 12 1/2¢ per lb.; 1/8 cream 11 1/2¢ per lb.

**Beef.**—Scarce and firm. Steaks at 2s 2d 1/2 per bushel.

**Dressed Apples.**—But few offering, and those southern, which are quoted at 7 1/2¢ per lb.

**Hay.**—Baled on track in scaling at \$10 1/2 per ton.

**Honey.**—Quiet. New comb is offered at 18¢ per pound.

**Hops.**—Market very quiet. Receivers are offering 18¢ 2d per bushel, according to quality, for State, New York choice are quoted at 24¢ 5c.

**Studs.**—Cliver horse. Cash is being offered at \$3 10¢.

**Potatoes.**—The market is still overlocked; cardinals are pushed at 4s 5d and even at 4c. Sack-lots are off at 4s 5d; offerings are chiefly of Chubbs and Early Rose.

**Hickory Nuts.**—In good supply at \$1 22¢ 1/2 per bushel for shell-hawks and at \$1 02¢ 1/2 for large nuts.

**Maple Sugar.**—Quiet at 11 1/2¢; syrup, 80¢ 90¢ per gallon.

**Onions.**—In fair demand and good supply at 2s 2d per bushel.

**Fruit—Grapes.**—In light supply at 7¢ for Concords, and 2s 10¢ for Delaware and Catawbas. Grapes are in light supply and selling at \$2 10¢ per bushel, with fancy lots now and then bringing \$3 California, \$3 25¢ 50 per box. Cranberries are firm at \$2 10¢ 25 per bushel, or \$2 10¢ 50 per box. Walnuts are quoted at \$2 10¢ 25 per bushel.

**Leeches.**—Offerings of hog numbers 2,108, against 2,599 last week. For good sheep the market was fairly active at strong last week's rates. For common lots there was but little demand, and buyers got them at about their own price. There were several lots sold at \$1 25¢ 1/2 and \$1 50 per head.

**Cattle.**—Offerings of choice steers at 2s 2d per cental, and the market closed firm.

**Lamb.**—Offerings of choice light and thin, and 1,300 to 1,500 lbs. were sold at 2s 2d 1/2 per cental.

**Sheep.**—Offerings of choice light and thin, and 1,300 to 1,500 lbs. were sold at 2s 2d 1/2 per cental.

**Hoof.**—Offerings, 24,429 against 25,160 the previous week. The market opened dull and lower on Monday for hogs, the receipts amounting to 1,000, and the market closed firm. Wednesday was the day of sale of choice hams, and several cars not unloaded. Tuesdays and Wednesday there was no improvement in prices; the supply exceeded the demand and there was a slight fall. Thursday the market was active, selling at \$2 10¢ 25 per bushel, fair to good, \$2 06¢ 50 per head. Friday the market was active, selling at \$2 10¢ 25 per bushel, fair to good, \$2 06¢ 50 per head.

**Veal.**—Offerings of choice light and thin, and 1,300 to 1,500 lbs. were sold at 2s 2d 1/2 per cental.

**Goat.**—Offerings of choice light and thin, and 1,300 to 1,500 lbs. were sold at 2s 2d 1/2 per cental.

**Deer.**—Offerings of choice light and thin, and 1,300 to 1,500 lbs. were sold at 2s 2d 1/2 per cental.

**Wild Boar.**—Offerings of choice light and thin, and 1,300 to 1,500 lbs. were sold at 2s 2d 1/2 per cental.

**Swine.**—Offerings of choice light and thin, and 1,300 to 1,500 lbs. were sold at 2s 2d 1/2 per cental.

**Deer.**—Offerings of choice light and thin, and 1,300 to 1,500 lbs. were sold at 2s 2d 1/2 per cental.

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